

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$2 per year by mail in advance.

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Telephone calls to all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.



Monday, April 20, 1914.

Chicago newspaper readers are enjoying their annual exploitation of the charge that the police department is in cahoots with the vice trust.

Insurgency has developed in the house of Taft. Helen has announced herself a suffragist in the face of the united opposition of the judge and her mother.

If the woman who killed a Chicagoan \$250 with which he should purchase there would be some speculation as to a possible motive.

If the republicans cherished any hopes of bringing Roosevelt into their fold they appear to have been punctured by that boom launched at Indianapolis last Saturday.

Another "nervous debility" cure has been declared a fake, but not until the promoters had lured many hundreds of thousands of dollars from the credulous. Barnum was right.

Colonel Roosevelt will hardly be disconcerted on learning that the South American river he "discovered" was "planted" for him. It was not the first time he has made a similar find.

Apparently the new utilities commission is accomplishing something. Chicago street railway owners have raised the contention that the law creating the commission was unconstitutional.

President Wilson says that the time congress adjourns depends upon whether it moves on freight train or express train schedule. Just at present congress is moving with all the speed of a high geared traction engine.

Automobiles standing in the roads or streets at night in Iowa need not display lights. The supreme court of that state has decided that the law contemplates lights only when being "operated or driven." However, the prudent owner will keep his lamps lit to protect the car from damage by being struck by passing vehicles.

The Tri-City Motor Bulletin published in Davenport is for good roads. Commenting upon conditions in Rock Island county the current issue of that publication says:

Rock Island county is now in the throes of a bond issue. We in Scott county may think we haven't much to brag of, but oh, sympathy, take a ride over the roads of Rock Island county. If we lived over there we'd vote \$11,000,000 for roads, or even \$11—any amount to get the roads fixed up a little.

THE U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.

The annual report of the surgeon-general of the United States public health service for the fiscal year 1913 really is only a mere outline of the work of the department for the year, the full accounts of its wide and varied activities being contained in numerous bulletins and other publications issued from time to time. In the 115 years of its existence the service has rapidly grown, especially during recent years, both in the extent of scientific work and in the practical application of the knowledge so gained to the welfare of the people. It is doubtful whether the average citizen has any real conception of the extent or the great value of the achievements of the service.

It is worthy of note that not one cause of cholera occurred in the whole of the Philippine plans during this year, and only a few cases of plague, a disease which was never allowed to arise to the dignity of a menace. Yet these diseases have been from ancient times two of the scourges of the earth. Smallpox, which formerly killed 40,000 people annually in the islands, occurred in such a small number of cases (and those among persons inaccessible to vaccination) that it is an item of only minor importance in the report for 1913. Yellow fever since its banishment following the Spanish war, through constant watchfulness, has never again gained a foothold anywhere in our possessions, and is only mentioned in connection with the strict quarantine maintained against Central and South American countries where the disease is always present.

Concerning the United States proper, highly interesting and significant of the practical activities of the service are the reports of the field investigation on pellagra, trachoma, ma-

laria, Rocky mountain spotted fever, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, parasitic diseases, pollution of navigable waters, sanitary administration, school sanitation and the hygiene of occupations. Much of this work was done at the request of and in cooperation with state health boards. The work also included laboratory investigations of many of the diseases primarily named as well as others, studies in connection with the supervision of viruses and vaccines, serum and toxins, the preparation and distribution of antirabic virus, the enforcement of the white-phosphorus-match law, etc. As a result of the investigations since 1906 by the service and by others, sufficient knowledge of typhoid fever is said to exist which, if utilized, would abolish the disease. It continues to prevail, however, and the department in future will endeavor, by studying local outbreaks to stimulate interest in the adoption of measures for prevention, not the least of which is anti-typhoid inoculation. A great portion of the activities and of the forces of the public health service are connected with the quarantine and immigration service, and the account of that work given in the report is of decided interest and importance. We have commented a number of times during the past year on the work of the immigration service, especially in connection with the admission or exclusion of the feeble-minded and the insane. This report as a whole, says The Journal of the American Medical Association, shows that an amazing amount of work of the most practical value has been accomplished by this service. For a body inadequately manned, and provided with insufficient appropriations to carry out a tithe of its possibilities of benefit, the United States public health service has demonstrated anew its whole-hearted interest in humanity and its great power for good.

ON THE VERGE OF WAR.

Again the United States is on the verge of war—driven to a contest with a weaker nation by circumstances over which it has no control. When an affront to the national honor has been committed there is no alternative.

Upholding our dignity as a nation is the primal reason for the impending conflict, but back of that we are facing the necessity of establishing law and order in Mexico, the responsibility for which ultimately, under the Monroe doctrine, rests upon our shoulders.

In reality it will be war only in name. Mexico has no navy, no united army, no credit to enable it to borrow funds to conduct a campaign. It is even without a recognized government. There is nothing to prevent occupation of the country as soon as expeditions to do so can be organized. Avenging the insult to the flag need involve scarcely more expense or risk than assembling the navy and army for practice maneuvers.

But the setting up of a government by the Mexican people which will be able to stand alone and deal justly and firmly with all factions in that troubled country is another matter. This phase of the problem calls for a high order of statesmanship.

The degree of wisdom and courage shown by President Wilson in the trying period which has led up to war gives confidence in his ability to meet whatever situations may arise. He has been patient and forbearing in the face of vexatious tactics and minor affronts on the part of the Huerta regime and impatient clamor for a militant policy by many in the United States. He has stayed the nation's arm till there was no alternative but to strike, because he knew that war under any circumstances is a serious business and that this conflict carries a far heavier responsibility than the mere conquest of arms.

Huerta's part in setting the stage for armed conflict is easily understood. He has reached the end of his career as the pretended leader of the Mexican government and, foreseeing an early overthrow with loss of power, money and very likely life, he has insulted the United States in the hope that by so doing he may be able to solidify the people of his country back of him and thus close his career in the guise of a national hero.

Huerta's move is well planned, but American military prowess and statesmanship may be relied upon to disarm him with a minimum of effort and expense and to eventually show up his motives so clearly that even his own people will understand them and despise him.

PRISONERS AS FARMERS.

The new prison site for the Illinois penitentiary is going to be one of the most spacious of Illinois farms. The tract embraces 2,200 acres or over three sections, and it is to be worked by honor convicts, and hence is to contribute to the welfare of the penitentiary. The problem of feeding the 1,450 inmates of the state penitentiary is before the warden, and the careful cultivation of the farm is one of the means of reducing the expense of conducting so large an institution. The farm will supply the milk and butter, the potatoes, the vegetables and ultimately much of the fruit needed for the big institution.

It will take a carload of seed to plant the potato field. One hundred acres will be the size of the garden, and that is some garden. Silos and Holstein cows are the possibilities for the dairy. Stockraising will be followed to keep the land in good condition. Trusties will do the larger part of the work. Fine roads will be built about and on the farm so as to facilitate the reaching of all parts.

The purpose is to make a model farm out of it, and of the ability to do this there is no doubt. The products of the farm will likely all be needed for the penitentiary so that there will be none to sell.

All this will indicate to the people of the state something of what crime costs. The penitentiary has not yet been built, but the farm will be run to supply the large population of the present institution.

Tells of Perils of Interior of Thibet

Washington, D. C., April 20.—The perils of a mission into a hostile country, through treacherous mountain passes, to negotiate a treaty with a people who refuse to enter into any negotiations, are described in a communication to the National Geographic society, at Washington, D. C., by Sir Francis Younghusband, who headed the famous British mission to Lhasa, Tibet. Sir Francis is now paying his first visit to America, after having spent more than 20 years on the frontier and in the hinterland of India.

Instability along the Indian frontier and the approach of a rival power in Tibet drove England into the latter country, explains the soldier-diplomat. It was suspected that secret negotiations were being carried on between the Tibetans and Russia, which would work to the detriment of England with her vast interests in India. Finally, no progress having been made by attempted long-distance negotiating, since the Tibetans refused to negotiate, it was decided to send a party to the sacred city of Lhasa itself. The escort of Sir Francis at the start was 200, but later the detachment was swelled to 4,200 native Indian and 800 British troops.

"We started in May," says Sir Francis. "We halted 12 miles within the border to discuss with some Chinese officials the matter of a treaty regarding our relations with the Tibetans, Tibet being under the suzerainty of China. We made little progress, however, and, in December, decided to push on to Lhasa." The hardships of the winter trip over the Himalayas, the endless and fruitless negotiations with the Tibetan military leaders and priests, and the siege endured by Sir Francis and 500 of his men for two months, while surrounded by 20,000 Tibetans in a small inclosure on one of the high Plateaus are described, together with the final fruition of his efforts, the signing of the treaty in the palace of the Dalai Lama himself in the forbidden city, the attendant celebration and the peaceful journey back to India.

"I thought at one time I had gone a step too far in insisting that the treaty be signed in such a sacred and famous place, knowing that my government would be as well satisfied with a document ratified in my own tent or anywhere else, so long as it was valid," continues Sir Francis. "But I clung to my point, feeling sure that the influence of such a setting on the Tibetans and the people of the territories that bound their land would greatly enhance the value of the agreement, and so it turned out."

Sir Francis tells amusingly of the newspaper accounts which commented on and admired the "dignity and bravery" of the Tibetan troops, when, forced to retreat, moved slowly off at the rate of but two miles an hour. "It was not bravery or dignity so much as altitude," he says. "Later we had occasions to retreat for short distances ourselves, and although extremely desirous of making good time, we found it impossible to run or walk at a faster pace than two miles an hour. In addition, owing to the rarity of the mountain atmosphere, shells very traveled about twice the distance on the same charge of powder as they would have done at sea level. Bullets from the rifles behaved the same way and we were compelled to revise completely our system of sighting our firearms."

The people of Tibet, believe the soul of the Dalai Lama never dies. Upon his death it passes to the body of a babe born as near as possible to the time of the dissolution. The new lama comes into his full rights on his eighteenth birthday.

State's Power Over Use of Tobacco

The Supreme Court of North Dakota holds that it is within the police power of a state to forbid the importation, selling, or giving away of snuff or any of its substitutes. Excerpts from the official ruling may be of interest to tobacco users in general: "The courts can take judicial notice that the use of tobacco in any form is injurious; and that its excessive use is injurious; and that the use of tobacco in any form by the young is injurious; and that the use of snuff is especially so; that snuff in North Dakota is generally used by holding it between the lip and the gums without mastication, or by plastering it upon the gums, and that it is absorbed rather than chewed; that tobacco held between the lip and the gums or plastered upon the gums and absorbed rather than chewed can be used by the schoolboy with less possibility of detection than tobacco which is masticated. "The courts can take judicial notice of the general fear in their community that drugs and opium are, and can be, more easily mingled with snuff and be less readily detected than in other forms of tobacco. Police statutes can only be set aside as unreasonable interference with the right to liberty and property, if it can be said that they cannot possibly have any reasonable relation to the public health, morality, or to the real public welfare. Police laws need not necessarily be stringent in their character, and it is permissible to legislate against one form of evil, even though many other and similar evils have not been condemned. It is not necessary to condemn all forms of vice in order that any particular form may be prohibited. There is no vested and inalienable right of property in that which is a nuisance. Dictionaries do not give to words their meaning; they only chronicle that which has been done, and the use must precede the chronicling. In North Dakota, the word 'snuff' has a well-established meaning in the popular mind, and includes any tobacco, whether fermented or not, which is finely cut and dried in order that the same can be taken into the mouth and absorbed without the necessity of mastication, and is naturally adapted to such use, even though it is not usually taken in the nose."

FOREST NOTES

Norway has 144 tree planting societies. The first was founded in 1900, and since then 26,000,000 trees have been planted, more than 2,000,000 having been set out last year.

In many parts of the west snow is leaving the mountains earlier than usual. Foresters say that this may mean a bad fire season, and they are making plans for a hard campaign.

New Jersey is said to have the greatest proportion of railroad mileage of any state in the country, or one

mile of railroad to every three square miles of territory. This makes an unusual risk of forest fires set by railroads.

The heavy storms in southern California during the past rainy season wiped out many miles of trails in the national forests of that part of the state. They are now being rebuilt for the coming summer, for use in fire protection. They are also of great use to tourists, campers, and prospectors.



Indian Fairies

Early the next morning she rose, dressed in the bridal dress of white deer skin her mother had made, and shipped out to bid the trees a final goodbye.

Of course Indians do not call them fairies pukwudjinnies, or some times they merely say "the little people." They think the pukwudjinnies live in the trees and they say that the whispering murmur of the leaves, is really the talk of the "little people."

Each tribe has its own favorite legend about the "little people." A legend from the Ojibwa Indians tells of a girl who became a pukwudjinni.

By the shores of Gitchie Gannee, the shining Big Sea Water stood the sacred grove of pine trees. Nearby were the many teepees of an Indian village, where, with her father and mother, lived the maiden Seelina.

She was very fond of the trees and came often to whisper to the leaves and to listen to the stories the pukwudjinnies told her.

One day after a visit to the forest, she returned home to find in her father's teepee a big war chief from a neighboring tribe.

He had brought lovely gifts, and he wished to take Seelina home as his bride.

As you may imagine, that made Seelina very sad, as she did not like the old chief. But an Indian maiden must do exactly as her father commands, so she had no choice but to obey.

But she begged them to wait one day, that she might spend a day with her much loved tree and they consented.

So she spent the whole day talking to the trees, telling them the sadness in her heart. In the evening she returned to her father's teepee strangely comforted.



Seelina spent the whole day telling the trees of her sadness.

And she never returned.

Though the old chief stormed and raved and took back his beautiful gifts; though her father and mother searched for days, they never saw Seelina again!

But the Indians say that the "little people" knew she was unhappy, so they stole her away and changed her into a pine tree and that to this day she stands by the shining Big Sea Water!

Tomorrow—The Sunbeam's Cloak.

(Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)

The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND
The GREAT GAME

Life's a game; let's play it fairly. Each a sportsman, first and last; Let us face each other squarely, Every hold in a friendship fast; Let us deal with one another In a frank and honest way, Giving to the losing brother Such concessions as we may.

CANDID OPINION.

A woman never can understand why her husband pays out money for a new hat when it looks just like his old one, anyway.

All men want to laugh, but most of them are generally discouraged because they have been laughed at for one thing or another.

The luckiest man in the world is the one who marries for money, and then falls in love with his wife.

Most men would rather win \$10,000 on a horse race than to honestly earn it, even if the work were all done.

His Painful Duty. Raising slowly, the man who had just been introduced by the toast-master said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It becomes my painful duty to—"

"Sit down!" yelled a man at a table in one of the corners.

"No, not that," the speaker went on. "It becomes my painful duty for the first time in my life to make an after-dinner speech in the presence of at least one jackass."

HIS HIGHEST RATE.

"What was the most you ever got a line for poetry?"

"Three dollars."

"Ge! That's a good stiff price. How many lines were there?"

"About twenty. But I figure that they only paid me for the first line."

Pride. "Pride is a curious thing."

"Very."

"Some queer things make people proud. I once knew a man who was proud of the fact that he had two thumbs on his right hand."

"I have seen queerer cases of pride than that. A woman whom I know is proud of her son even when he sees him taking part in a track meet."

Grand Old Poverty. They tell us poverty is good. To make men brave and wise and strong.

They point to those who through hard work Have risen high above the throng. Who through necessity have done Sublime things and such honors won As only to the great belong.

It may be as they say; the need That poverty imposes may Develop strength and foster wit And lend ambition wings, but they Who recommend dear penury Keep planning that their sons may be Exalted in some other way.

Not Badly Stung. This story is credited to Bill Bowen of Atchison: A man entered a store and bought three cigars and lighted one.

"Lord, this is a rotten cigar," he screamed.

"Say, man, what are you complaining about?" replied the dealer. "You have only three of those cigars and I have 1,000. Be reasonable."

Marvelous Memory. "Wonderful man, that Brackett."

"How so?"

"He can remember the names of at least a dozen of the works of fiction that were popular five or six years ago."

Foolish Girl. "I wish," she sighed, "that I could see myself as others see me."

"Gracious," replied her fond friend, "why aren't you satisfied to let well enough alone?"

Eve's Advantages. Eve's wasn't such a sorry case. In her day grocers never cheated, And Ad never grumbled round the place Because the home team was defeated.

By the Explosion Route. History Professor—The Americans are the acknowledged reformers of the world. Now, can you even mention, my dear sir, any Englishman who endeavored to raise legislation to a higher plane? Student—Yes, sir: Guy Fawkes.—Harvard Lampoon.

The Daily Story

The Enamelled Bracelet—By Clarissa Mackie.

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"It is a charm, madame," smiled Count Sorio as he bent above Mrs. Raymond's pretty hand. "To wear it will avert the evil eye and a host of other ills." He smiled charmingly down at her.

"You are very kind, count," protested Mrs. Raymond, withdrawing her hand and picking up a silk covered jewel box, "but, really, I cannot accept this bracelet."

"Not as a souvenir of those delightful days in Florence?" reproached the handsome Italian. "I am sure your husband will join me in the wish that you may accept it as a token of my warm friendship for my good friends, the Raymonds." He laid his shapely hand on Dick Raymond's broad shoulder and smiled the smile of good fellowship into the young American's honest eyes.

Dick Raymond smiled rather doubtfully, for when he had last met Count Enrico Sorio it had been a most unpleasant occasion; he had detected the impoverished nobleman cheating at cards, and, although Dick had allowed the matter to pass until the game was concluded, he had privately informed Sorio of what he had seen and warned him. There had been one moment when things hung in the balance. The Italian had looked at Dick with murderous hate in his black eyes, but he had not offered to avenge the insult in blood; he had merely turned on his heel and walked away, and the Raymonds had not seen or heard of him for many weeks until this sunny afternoon, when the repentant nobleman had called upon them, apologized handsomely to Dick and tendered an exquisite enamelled bracelet as a peace offering to Mrs. Raymond.

"You will not permit the acceptance?" flared the count. "You perhaps have suspicions that I come by it not honestly? Alas, what a sad reputation I have gained through one small slip!" He turned away to hide his emotion.

Ethel Raymond, touched by the grief of the temperamental Italian, smiled and nodded at her husband. Dick smiled a smile back, and his big hand went out to grasp the long, yellow fingers of the nobleman.

"Very well, count. We will consider the matter closed. As for the bracelet, I am sure Mrs. Raymond will be charmed to add it to her collection of Florentine enameled. Come, my friend," he smiled as the count turned a transformed countenance toward him—"come, let us walk on the terrace and smoke a cigarette before lunch. You will, of course, stay?"

"With pleasure," beamed Sorio. And, with a deep bow to Mrs. Raymond and a significant smile as he watched her fingering the enamelled bracelet, he followed his host on to the terrace, where there was a delightful view of the lovely Arno flowing toward the distant sea and the hills that encircle the city of Florence.

To the men walking on the terrace the view was a familiar one, but never tiresome. Sorio had been born in Tuscany, and he loved it. Dick Raymond was a landscape painter, and he loved it because of its unchanging beauty.

As they passed the drawing room windows it was Sorio's dark eyes that flashed an inquiring glance through the open casement. Always he smiled furtively as he noticed that Ethel Raymond was holding the bracelet in her fingers and admiring its beauty.

He did not love Ethel. He hated her with deep intensity born of her husband's deadly insult to him many weeks ago. Her husband was devoted to her. Through the wife Sorio might be revenged upon the husband. Revenge was sweet, and it was very near just now.

"Come down and look at our roses," urged Dick. And, quite confident that he could leave the enamelled bracelet to do its duty, Enrico Sorio followed his friend down the steps, and they disappeared in the garden.

In the meantime Ethel Raymond sat there dreaming over the enamelled bracelet.

The door opened, and Carlo announced a visitor.

"Mme. Testino?"

A tall, graceful woman, clad in white, came forward, and Ethel laid aside the bracelet and went to meet her with outstretched hands.

"Ah, Lisetta, I am so glad to see you," she cried warmly. "Sit here. Margot shall carry away your wraps. You must remain for luncheon. Count Sorio is here."

Lisetta Testino flushed beautifully and involuntarily glanced around the room.

"They are walking in the garden," explained Ethel demurely, for she knew that the fair Italian lady and the count were deeply in love with each other. She suspected a romance here, and she was prepared to watch it with interest, for, like most women, she thoroughly enjoyed a love affair.

"I am surprised," hesitated the beautiful widow as she gave her hat and parasol to the waiting servant. "I thought that Sorio and your husband were—not friends—that they had a difference of opinion."

"It was so, and I was sorry," confessed Ethel, "but they have made it up, and as a peace offering the count has brought us this lovely bracelet to add to our collection of enameleds. Is it not exquisite?"

"Beautiful!" breathed Lisetta, a jealous light gleaming in her dark eyes. "Ah, madame," she added playfully, "if I had glimpsed this wonderful bracelet first Sorio would never have brought it as a peace offering to you." She laughed with sudden merriment, all her ill humor gone in a second. "Am I not a bear to look so cross about your bracelet?"

"I am sure Count Sorio would rather place it on your arm than on mine," laughed the American.

"If it did not seem unattractive to

Count Sorio, I would like to have you wear it as your own," added Ethel. "Ah, Cesare, we will come at once," as the servant announced luncheon. "The gentlemen are coming now."

When Count Sorio saw Lisetta Testino standing in the library toying with the enamelled bracelet his face went suddenly pale and his greeting to her was shortened to utter a whispered word of protest.

"Such gaudy trinkets do not become your pale dignity, my queen," he whispered hurriedly. "Put it aside, Lisetta. It is ill luck. It attracts the evil eye. It is accursed." He shuddered as he caught himself up sharply.

Ethel's clear voice was speaking as they moved toward the dining room. "Count Sorio says that the bracelet is a charm, that it will avert the evil eye and that it will bring me good luck!"

Dick Raymond laughed genially, but the dark eyes of Lisetta met the black glance of Sorio. There was a puzzled questioning in her glance and a mingling of fear and annoyance in his.

Lisetta went back to the drawing room after her handkerchief and when she returned there was a look of amusement in her cool glance as it crossed that of her lover.

The meal progressed slowly. The Raymonds had a good cook in the person of Margherita, the grandmother of Cesare, and the wine of the country was excellent.

Lisetta was sparkling with gaiety, and the count's dark eyes often sought hers across the low arrangement of flowers on the table, and the Raymonds realized that very soon would the fiery Italian declare his love for the widow.

Suddenly Lisetta lifted one white hand to adjust the rose Ethel had tucked in her jet black hair. As she did so her three companions saw for the first time that she was wearing the enamelled bracelet.

Lisetta tossed her head and smiled impudently at Ethel.

"See, carissima, I am wearing your bauble while I may!"

"It becomes you rarely, madame," laughed her hostess.

Sorio's face was ghastly pale. Twice his lips parted as if to give utterance to some protest, but they closed, as if secrecy demanded silence at any price. At last he could contain himself no longer.

"Madonna!" he gasped, rising and reaching across the table to Lisetta's arm. "Take it off, cara mia. It means—death!" He half whispered the last words and sank back in his seat as Dick Raymond jumped up and held a glass of wine to Lisetta's pale lips.

Mme. Testino had uttered a sudden cry of anguish and her head dropped slowly down until it rested on one shoulder.

"The pain, the pain!" she muttered before she lost consciousness.

Dick Raymond dashed around the table and caught the shrinking Sorio by the shoulder. "What has happened, you coward?" he demanded. "What is there about that bracelet that causes Mme. Testino to swoon, and the very sight of her wearing it upon her arm causes you alarm? Eh? Tell me, or, by thunder, I'll shake you into eternity!"

Cesare had darted in and out of the room like lightning flashes. He had dispatched a page for a physician, and while Dick was still trying to get an explanation from Sorio the doctor arrived and went into the salon where Lisetta was lying on a sofa, pale and lifeless.

That was an eventful night in the Villa Rosario. The doctor remained until morning and administered antidotes for the deadly poison which had been injected into Lisetta's veins through the medium of the poisoned bracelet. A tiny needle had darted into her flesh as she clasped the bracelet about her shapely wrist, but the prick had been so slight that she had scarcely noticed it.